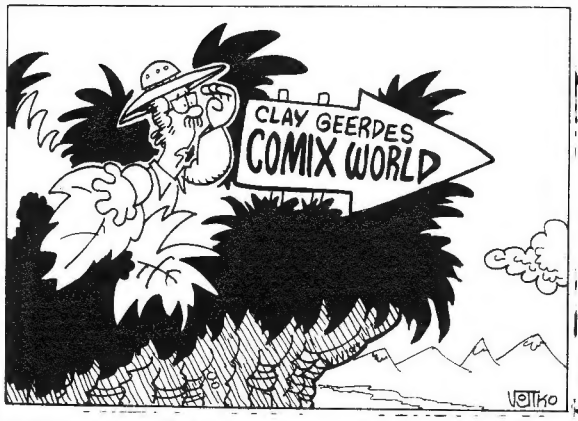

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MAR 15, 1977

COMIX WORLD 68/Copyright Clay Geerdes, 915 Indian Rock Rd., Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Logo by Bob Vojtko. Art below copyright by artist concerned. Subs: $3.50 for 12; $6 for 24. Inquire re back issues. Anyone interested in advertising in my San Diego Con issue, write me before May 1. Space limited.* The biggy of the month is Tits & Clits 3. New artist is Ruth Lyon with a four-pager, "Rufus and the Rapist," from which a panel is reproduced below. Old vets include Lyn and Joyce, both of whom I met around the time of the first ug con at UC in 1973; Roberta Gregory, staff artist of Cobblestone; the imcomparable Dot Bucher (great story: I was a Sex Junkie!); 2-pagers by Trina and Shelby. Let's have a male review from one of you readers. One typed double-spaced page. I'll publish the first good'n.

I DONT KNOW WHATS WRONG WITH ME. SOMETHING COMES OVER ME AND I BREAK INTO SOME WOMANS HOUSE AND SHE SCREAMS AND I END UP SAYING I'M SORRY AND LEAVING. THIS KNIFE COULDN'T CUT ANYTHING - OH AN APPLE, MAYBE...YOU CAN HAVE IT.
FINGERPRINTS THIS GUYS NO DUMMY.

JOEL BECK'S COMICS AND STORIES. Joel Beck certainly deserves an anthology. His work goes back to the early 60's when ug comix were just beginning. I was tempted to think that Beck's stories were pure corn since some of them involve the likes of Smokey the Bear and Meakey Moose, but they aren't. They hold up today largely because Beck is just plain good, but also because all the issues he raised back then are still issues--media mythology, capitalism, censorship, prejudice. None of that has changed and it probably never will but it makes good material for satire and Joel knows where to sink his barbs. The book looks like he sat down yesterday with a pen and some good bristol board and just dashed these gems off in one day--effortlessly. The book is printed on dazzling white paper, not newsprint. It makes a wonderful difference and leads me to wish that all books could be printed this way. My favorite story is Lenny of Laredo. Clean-cut but frustrated Lenny takes life into his own hands one day in the Laredo Public Library when he yells out a very dirty word--"Fart." As punishment, his library privileges are cancelled indefinitely but Lenny surges on gathering crowds of admirers who are willing to pay to hear him utter obscenities such as 'fart, turd, poo poo, pottie head, fanny, etc. Eventually, his repertoire is strained to the limit and he is forced to try variations such as 'immense pee pees, double-farts, and crotch.' interwoven into all this is a complex web of social commentary, moral judgment and political action which sustain the plot and cause jaded reviewers to laugh out loud. -Lyn Chevli ** Folks who notice a pronounced similarity between Beck's Lenny and Paddy Chayevsky's Network (where the messianic anchorman becomes the public rage when he says it's all bullshit) are perceptive indeed, but I see a stronger parallel between Budd Schulberg's A Face in the Crowd and Network; Peter Finch even reminds me of Andy Griffith. If you aren't noticing any of these things, get into comparative media and join the fun. Joel Beck was right on top of what was happening in the sixties from the career of Lenny Bruce to the Free Speech Movement at Cal. His early work appeared in the Pelican and the Berkeley BARB, not to mention on umpteen greeting cards. He was an arch-critic of the Disneyfication of America long before Dan O'Neill and the Air Pirates de-pantsed Mickey and Minnie. The book is $1.35 pp from Krupp, Box 7, Princeton, Wis. 54968. C.G.

JOYCE FARMER
RON TURNER
LYN CHEVLI
TITS & CLITS
#3
160 PP
SEND AGE STATEMENT!
ORDER FROM
NANNY GOAT PRODUCTIONS
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LAGUNA BEACH, CA. 92652
SEND S.A.S.E. FOR A CURRENT FLYER
I USED TO BE A SWEET, INNOCENT KID, 'TILL-
I DISCOVERED SEX!
HOLY MOTHER of PERSEPHONE !!!
THE KIDS ARE GONE
NO MORE WELFARE CHECKS!
WELL- HOWDIT GO? DIDJA GET TO TEST YOUR I.U.D.?
YEAH..... DID IT WORK?
IT WORKED ALL RIGHT - BUT I DON'T THINK IN THE WAY MEDICAL SCIENCE INTENDED
FARMER
CHEVLI
© 1973 CHIN LOVELY

TRINA'S WOMEN is all female and pure Trina at her best. Apropos of the Women In Art Show at the Los Angeles County Museum, she begins with the story of Suzanne Valadon, who was a good painter but never created the volume of work her fellow artists did because she was busy posing as a model, sleeping with the men she posed for, and, finally, raising the child sired by one of them. Her son was, of course, that drunken bum, Maurice Utrillo, but how many people know about his mother? Rosie The Riveter then takes over, catching spies, getting put in a concentration camp, and generally providing excellent 40's nostalgia for WW2 freaks. These are shorties (some half-pagers), don't always work well, but they are fun. The adventures of Panthea, a feral woman, is in 5 parts and full of adventure, capture, escape, deceit and some sort of justice. It's excellent fantasy very beautifully drawn. The last story in the book, Lulu's Back in Town is more nostalgia--this time from the 20's. The title drawing is taken from Reginald Marsh's wonderful painting High Yaller and works perfectly with Trina's drawing and the lyrics to the title song. Lulu is glamorous, a dope dealer and no dummy. Trina's drawing is so graceful that it makes even violent scenes look good. It also helps perpetuate the fantasy quality of her stories. -Lyn Chevli. THE COMPLEAT FART and Other Body Emissions by Lee Marrs totally renews my faith in ugs. It is the funniest book I have read in a long time. Marrs explores the mythology if farting, burping, menstruation, snot, zits, semen, and dandruff. And when she runs out of myths she makes one up in a story about the Wily Waxy Wobblies and their carefully cultivated coils of ear wax. She covers every possible vital bodily excretion except feces (which has been overdone anyway), and she does it in an off-the-wall irreverent style which is unique. That's hard to do these days when nothing is sacred and we tend to pick up a new book with the attitude "Okay--thrill me." Her continually racing brain impels her to include rich little details on every imaginable subject so that we get not only satire but history, nostalgia, social commentary and, occasionally, the truth. She carefully researched the book and then took off into a deliciously perverted realm which is all Lee Marrs. It is a full book, loaded with goodies--and her drawing style is cleaner and clearer than ever. -Lyn Chevli ** Trina's book is $1.05pp from Krupp. The Farts are $1.35. Same company. Art by these local Bay Area women artists at Upper Market Street Gallery during the month of March. Readers comments welcome on all comix reviewed in CW.

Is there a Counterculture?

The logical answer to that question is 'who gives a shit,' but the debate continues. in the 60s there were a lot of spokesmen & women for the idea, but a few got the nod from Big Media, did books which mass-sold, and what a lot of the rest of us thought got lost in the shuffle. Everybody belongs to youth-cult for awhile, but not everybody grows old and extreme old age is that culture which remains relatively outside the mass media. Ever notice how children and old ones get stereotyped by all the media and only the in-betweens experience 'character-development?'

The 60s catch-phrase was "don't trust anyone over 30," but many of those who mouthed it were over thirty and faking it. In a letter to Punk #7, Crumb said he hated the youth culture and all that it admired. "The 'Youth Culture' is a media junkie . . .and therefore it keeps alive a thriving and fat, healthy gang of leaches and cynical parasites who continue to cash in on the ignorance . . . innocence perhaps . .. and misguided enthusiasms of youth . . . leading them down a path that goes nowhere and taking their parents' money for the trouble." Crumb thinks young people ought to live in the country and make their own food and entertainment, certainly a valid position, but I think what he says applies to all mass media whether it cashes in on the naievete of the young or the apathy of the middle-aged. To me, t-v is total mind-rot. "But it has some good things on it," says someone every time. "What a person has to put up with to get those few good things isn't worth it," I answer, but the argument is a dead-end one because the tv-addict is the same as the cigarette or booze or heroin addict. He/she doesn't watch because there are "some good things on it," but because the habit is too tough to break. Silence is terrifying. Some intellectuals argue that print is obsolete, that tv is the new medium--well, if you want a steady diet of crap, guys, help yourself. As Harlan Ellison said at Space Con 3, "There may be ten great documentaries on the tube and on some obscure station they'll be re-running Gilligan's Island and 90% of you turkeys will be watching Gilligan and you know it." Network is raw truth. Howard Beal said Bullshit! and his ratings soared. Lenny Bruce said "cocksucker" and filled nightclubs for months. His cartoon successor, Lenny of Laredo, became world-famous by saying "poo poo." Question is, if everybody knows it's all bullshit, why do they go on playing the game? Why do they defend tv as though it were an attacked favorite doggy or a benevolent parent? Ellison called it a "glass teat" in a column he wrote for the Free Press back in 1965-67, certainly an appropriate symbol. To talk about Violence on the tube is like arguing about whether chickens or eggs came first. We live in a violent world and the tube reflects it as do other media, but aesthetic violence is not real violence. The argument about media violence was very big in the late forties when the aim of the censors (always violent in their speech, mannerisms, actions, and general behavior) was trained on comics. It was argued that the crime comics stimulated kids to imitate them and caused juvenile delinquency. What a lot of crap that was. Most of the readers in that period were adults and they were no more stimulated to crime by comics than they were by hearing Gang Busters or Big Town on the radio; it was poverty that stimulated people to pick up guns and rob filling stations and banks and it is still hunger and poverty that causes the majority of the crimes in all countries. Crimes committed by the stone-bored rich are a tiny percentage, Clockwork Orange notwithstanding. I don't think children ought to watch tv at all--I think they ought to be doing things, making up their own games, creating possibilities for their lives, learning to read and think--but I doubt that any changes in the content of the programs toward pacifism would have any significant difference. Anyone who commits a violent act has a lot of stored up anger and resentment that finally reaches a threshhold and breaks out. Those feelings are related to relatives, co-employees, other students, repressive teachers, competitors, to realities in that person's life, not to media fantasies. To focus on tv or media violence is to shift attention away from the real cause which always has to do with a child's relationship with his-her parents and close friends. T-v may be the repository of what is least creative in American culture, but a crime-maker among kids? I doubt it. C.G.

ANNOUNCING-

THE BERKELEY COMIC ART FAIR

SUNDAY MAY 22, 1977

AT

HOLIDAY INN / EMERYVILLE (BY SAN FRANCISCO BAY 94608
1800 POWELL ST. $25 SINGLE $30 DOUBLE

TABLES $15.00 (ONE PERSON) $17.50 (TWO)
(LIMITED NUMBER)

TICKETS $2.50 ADULTS $1.50 (UNDER 18)

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EVERYONE WELCOME. FILMS, PANELS, ARTISTS' JAM. A DAY TO LOOK AT NEW ART AND VISIT WITH FRIENDS. NO PARKING PROBLEMS. ALL ACTIVITIES ON MAIN FLOOR. EASY DEALER ACCESS. SEND SASE IN APRIL FOR MORE INFO.

As you can see, I've decided to do a mini-con this May. Too many people want to get together and keep the tradition of the Berkeley Con going so I'm willing to go as far as getting the place and organizing things. I need volunteers, money, and lots of other things, but I have confidence that those of you who are into the trip will come through and help us make it an enjoyable weekend. It's likely folks who come up from Southern Cal and down from Washington will make it for the weekend and hit the parties Saturday night before the fair. I picked the Holiday Inn because it's got easy parking and all events can be held right on the main floor so dealers have no elevators to fuss with and it's an easy drive up Hwy 80 from the Oakland airport (helicopter service right to the hotel if you're into that.). If you want to participate in some of the panels (like the one on the new funny animals or the one on production distribution & copyright law or one you think is appropriate to 1977), please give me a call sometime in mid April. One artist who will be sketching at the fair will be Ted Richards, a member of the fast-growing Rip Off Press Syndicate. Expect a book on Ezekial Wolf this Summer from ROP. Other folks are being contacted & Comix World'll keep you informed whether you come or just support us from your pad.

E.Z. WOLF

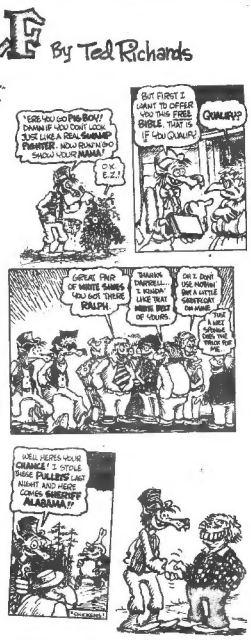
By Ted Richards

Who dat a-lurkin' 'nin de ol' gas-an-up station? Who am dat er-chug-er-luggerin' can after can ob dat good ol' Dixie Beer? Who dat gets de Federal Subsidy NOT to slaughter de pigs? It be dat ol' country slicker E.Z. WOLF, dat who!

Oh Lawsy Mercy, it be hard to write jes lak them Southerners 'spoze to talk! It's probably kind of difficult to read, too, isn't it? Fortunately for us, nobody, anywhere, talks that way any more, least of all old E.Z. Wolf, who's got more sense than anyone gives him credit for. Things being how they are, this still doesn't make him rich.

But E.Z. knows that things are going to be different some day. Already, for instance, a home-town boy (Jimmy Otter) has succeeded in getting himself elected President of the United States (not that that means anything nowadays, either), and probably pretty soon will succeed in getting into one of the positions of real power, like Chairman of the Board of CO-COLA.

Even then it will be hard to penetrate the intense regionalism of this small town, especially if you come from somewhere on the other side of the county line. Especially if you come from some weird exotic place like NEW YORK CITY, for God's sake. Like reporter Walter Weasel, who keeps getting sent down on special assignment to write about the New South, and who gets beat up, poisoned, set on fire, demonstrated, and nearly drowned, and he still doesn't find the Spirit of the New South. Some folk jes' wont never learn, seems lak.


"SEE YOU GOT PRETTY BOY! DAMN IF YOU DON'T LOOK JUST LIKE A REAL SWAMP PANTHER. NOW RUN'N DO SHOW YOUR MAMA!"
BUT FIRST I WANT TO OFFER YOU THIS FREE BIBLE. THAT IS IF YOU QUALIFY!
QUALIFY?
GREAT PAIR OF WHITE GAMES YOU GOT THERE RALPH.
THANKS DARRELL... I KINDA LIKE THEM MORE BEST OF YOURS
DON'T DON'T USE NOTHIN' BUT A LITTLE SWITCH ON HIM!
WELL HERE'S YOUR CHANGE! I STOLE THESE PULLETS LAST NIGHT AND HERE COMES SHERIFF ALABAMA!?